COMPENSATION.

"Lord, I am weary!" cried my soul. "The sun
Is fierce upon my path, and sore the weight
Of smarting burdens; ere the goal be won
I sink, unless Thou help, dear Lord!" And straight
My fainting heart rose bravely up, made strong
To bear its cross: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and day,
A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round,
Till like a stag the hounds have brought to bay
My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground!"
When lo! with new-found life my soul, made strong,
Spurned all its foes: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky
Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend!"
But suddenly with immortal power made strong,
My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!

—*Stuart Sterne in the Century.*

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

"Come on, dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol.

"Dear" came, a chubby five-year-old.

"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt.

"All wight," said Malcolm.

They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster.

Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

"We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.

They passed a maple grove, a little, old church, some farm-houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow-blinded windows. Out of the doors bare-footed children, with dinner-pails, were coming.

"A district school!" said Amy. "And it looks so much like— But of course you don't remember, Malcolm. You were only two years old."

Smiling in a pleasantly retrospective way, Amy strolled up to the door.

She would have a congenial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose and a shoulder-shawl, but—

She and Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk.

He was hardly a spinster! He was a tall, bright-eyed, dark-moustached, indisputably good-looking young man.

"Oh!" Amy faltered.

"Come in!" said the schoolmaster, though they were in.

Amy mustered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial talk just the same.

"We thought we'd come in," she said, sweetly smiling. "You see, I taught a term in a district school once myself, and——"

"Certainly," said the master. "I am always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry my school is out."

He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the aisle with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy—not very regretfully, however. "See, Malcolm, dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my primer children," said the teacher, laughing. "They like my pictorial efforts."

What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and gaiety in his eyes!

Amy's heart beat a little faster.

"It's such work, isn't it, teaching babies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school."

"Oh, I draw the line there! But I have them as small as this young man."

He pinched Malcolm's fat cheek.

"Malcolm is five," said Amy. "Have you many pupils? I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty."

"And you do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes raised to his. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous to try to have a congenial talk," she laughed, ambiguously. "You see, I taught only one term. I was spending the summer at Hinton, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I'm afraid I did it for fun."

"I shall rank you among the pedagogues, all the same," the young schoolmaster declared, gaily. "You've taught a school, and the insincerity of your motive doesn't matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk."

"Perhaps we can," said Amy, with pretty laughter and a blush.

They had it.

Malcolm, sitting close to his pretty aunt on the bench, listened round-eyed, interested if not comprehending.

Amy wondered afterward how ever they drifted from school methods and monthly examinations to the prettiness of Gloster's rambles and the the pleasantness of the Clarks' front porch, where Amy boarded, and the excellence of their croquet ground. But they did; and they were honestly amazed when the clock on the wall gave its "tchick" for half-past five.

They looked at each other in flushed alarm.

Their acquaintance was an hour and a half old.

"I've hindered you!" Amy cried. "You've got lessons to make out, or something."

"I haven't," retorted the teacher, with a bright laugh. "I was going home. I live beyond the Clarks', and I hope you'll let me go with you."

"Come, Malcolm, dear," said Amy, turning aside her smiling face.

"I don't suppose you will care for my commencement," said the schoolmaster, at the Clarks' gate. "It's day after to-morrow evening. I call it commencement in some irony—its the mere stepping off of my higher class. Only its something of a celebration, here, you know. Everybody comes, and the school-board and my graduates and I ornament the platform put up for the occasion, and it's a grand time—for Gloster. But it wouldn't pay you."

"But I shall come, of course," said Amy, and then blushed for having said "of course."

But the schoolmaster looked happy.

She went up the path in a smiling daze. Indeed it had been a congenial talk, —amazingly congenial!

"Yes, Gloster's pretty quiet," said Mr. Clark at the supper table. "I 'spose commencement, now, 'll have to last us rest o' the summer. "It'll be worth seein', though. We've got as smart a teacher as you'll find. Born and brought up in Gloster, too, Phil Oaks was. Ain't but twenty-two. He's puttin' himself through college with his own hands —or his own head. Keeps up with his classes, somehow, right along with his teachin'. Goin' to have a first-rate berth with his uncle in Marsden when he's ready, but he's bound to get educated first. He'll amount to something, Phil Oakes! Wal, you better go to commencement. You'll enj'y it."

"I shall go," Amy muttered, buttering her roll.

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Commencement was drawing to a close. The audience, which was large, had listened and applauded, and tossed flowers, and vigorously fanned itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman of the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address.

Now it was the turn of the young master, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something worth hearing.

So he did. The conventional sentiments about the voyage of life and the port of success were for once neglected. The young master's speech, was short, but good; terse, but bright and interesting and amusing.

Amy looked and listened.

She was with her brother and sister-in-law, and she was rather in doubt as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter.

How nice he looked! And his bright eyes were turned toward her more than once. And she had determined to do it if it was eccentric.

She grasped firmly the handsome nosegay of flowers she had carefully arranged, red and white and yellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, amid sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather rickety lamp on the organ and knocked it to the floor. There was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught fire.

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, pushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried.

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub.

But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law had grown almost hysterical, and her brother had borne her out, and called to Amy to follow.

But she did not. She stood motionless and watched one figure on the platform.

Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it! If he was badly burned—if he was smothered —it would be her fault—hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood miserably waiting —waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come) —the time seemed endless.

When he came, white faced but smiling, the tears rushed to her anxious eyes.

"I was such a goose!" she said, "What made me do it? You are burned—both your hands—and I did it!"

"No, no! A small burn or two—nothing!" said the schoolmaster, looking handsome as he bent toward her. "Don't think it! I have your flowers, and they were worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home."

She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was almost glad.

For otherwise she would be going home with John and Margaret.

"My sister-in-law was hysterical with fright," said Amy, laughing and half-crying together, and almost hysterical herself. "And my brother took her home. He told me to come, but I—"

"Your brother?" said Mr. Oakes.

"Yes."

"And your sister-in-law?"

"Why, yes."

"But I haven't seen them!" he expostulated.

"But you haven't called on me," Amy retorted, shyly.

"And I thought you were here alone," he declared.

"But I'm not," she replied, wondering.

The schoolmaster stopped short and faced her.

"Is it possible," he said, solemnly,— "is it possible that that child is your nephew?"

"Of course! What else could he be?" Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes.

"I thought he was your—son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudiably. "I thought you were a widow."

"A widow!" she gasped.

She leaned against a fence and laughed until she was weak.

"I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you know."

"With yellow bows on it!" she replied, in a soft scream.

"And the little boy was with you."

"Oh, yes! Malcoln loves me. And Margaret was away that day."

"And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so."

"And you called him 'dear.' And I thought he called you 'mammy?'"

"Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. "Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever so much? Somehow I didn't like to think of your being a widow. I liked you," said the schoolmaster, rather breathlessly. "I liked you right away. That was a congenial talk, wasn't it? and I—I admired you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young, hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. On my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon her.

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and though she of the rose-bouquet had her pretty face turned away.

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clarks' front porch and croquet ground were rich in opportunity. When the young schoolmaster went back to college in the fall he left a modest diamond ring behind him. And when, two years later, the bright young graduate went to fill a remunerative position in Marsden, he took his young wife with him.—*Saturday Night.*

To Cross the Atlantic in a Balloon.

According to the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, Charles P. Fest, of Germantown, has spent a lifetime in trying to solve the problem of aerial navigation, having during the past forty years experimented with over 150 balloonists. He believes that his hopes are now about to be realized in this particular direction, having recently invented and constructed a new device, which he thinks will meet with all the requirements. The invention is entirely the work of his own brain and hands. The balloon, while differing in minor points of construction and shape is essentially an ordinary bag such as is commonly used for gas inflation. In addition there is a device consisting of a network of cords, arranged with a view of collapsing the bag when the internal pressure is lowered. The entire weight is suspended from the lower ends of the cords, which are all united outside the summit of the balloon. Arranged around the horizontal equator at proper distances are a number of conical orifices, which may be opened or closed at pleasure, and from which hot air is expelled, with a view of directing the aerial machine in the desired course. Within the cone is a spiral projection to cause the issuing hot air to assume a rotary direction.

The heating or motive power is produced by a flame, created by the burning of gasoline contained in cans on the outside of the hoop. Small pipes running from these receptacles connect with a larger pipe, which is attached to the perpendicular pipe running through the centre of the balloon. The flame is increased or decreased by a slight turn of a spiggot, and herein lies one of the principal features of the air ship.

The steering device consists of two wings, bisecting each other in the center at right angles, and arranged upón the same movable axis, so that the rudder may be placed in any desired position to assist in directing the course of the ship.

Mr. Fest has made a balloon containing the above devices which he has named "The Phœnix." It is constructed of manilla paper and is ten feet in diameter. When inflated it will contain 523 cubic feet of hot air. It is the intention of the inventor to set it free the first evening that the weather is comparatively mild. His name and address is printed on the cans and woodwork of the ballon in several places, so that if any one secures the air ship after it descends the inventor can be notified of its location.

The inventor, now feeling confident that he has accomplished the object of his life, which was secured only by great perseverance, patience and the loss of over $7000 in the way of experiments on his hobby, will make preparations to send up his mammoth air-ship "Susanna Elizabeth," named after his wife, which is expected to cross the ocean in thirty-six hours.

The police and tramps fraternize because both are on the beat.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

OBJECT OF FEEDING FOWLS.

Young and old fowls need enough of nutritious food to keep them in thrift and good condition. The object of feeding well is to increase size as rapidly as possible, and to furnish nutriment and the material for the eggs for the laying hens. With young fowls the rapid growth of body, bone and feathers is a great drain, and to supply these and push the bird along as fast as possible, and consistent with good growth and strong constitution, we must have recourse to a supply of proper food during certain periods of growth and during the season when we desire the greatest number of eggs.—*California Cackler.*

SWINE AND POULTRY.

When cool nights come it is time to begin to force along all fattening animals, not to crowd them to their utmost capacity, but to be liberal with food, so that they will show a perceptible gain. Swine to fatten well need good, dry beds and not too much sloppy food. Pork usually sells at a better price before Thanksgiving than afterward, and a bushel of corn in October will make more pork than five pecks will in December. It will also make more pounds of poultry, if the fowl have comfortable quarters in a hennery where they will not be too warm in warm nights or too cold in cold nights, and are not tormented by vermin. The opinion held by some poultry men, that it is of no use to try to fatten poultry until cold weather begins, is simply the result of their experience where fowl roosted out of doors or in open sheds until late in the season, and were not kept free from parasites that robbed them of vitality. Another reason why poultry may not fatten as rapidly now as later is owing to the constant worrying of the young cockerels. They should be separated from the rest, the henhouses and roosts should be washed with kerosene, and the fowl taught to go in there. Then with a little care to close or open windows as the weather changes, there will be no trouble in fattening them in season for Thanksgiving.—*American Cultivator.*

TO SAVE GRAIN IN BINS.

Every year a great deal of grain is spoiled by molding or becoming musty after being threshed. This year, unless threshing is delayed until very late, the losses from this cause are likely to be unusually heavy, owing to the wet weather at harvest time, and the bad condition in which much grain was got under cover. We heard a few days ago a practical farmer describe a method by which he put up grain, however wet and in any amount, without injury. He kept a lot of common brick under cover, so as to be always dry, and when the grain was put into the bin he interspersed brick through the heap, enough to absorb all superfluous dampness. Almost every one knows that kiln-dried brick will absorb a great amount of water in proportion to their size. The brick in a heap of damp or even wet grain will, if numerous enough, dry it out, saving all danger of heating. After serving their purpose, the brick should be carefully put one side for use another year. Our informant's father had used the same pile of brick many years, and however dry the grain, he usually threw a few brick in the bin to insure greater safety. It is possible that this would prove a good method in drying out corn, or to keep hay or grain in stacks from being spoiled by heating through. The bricks would thus be in greater danger of being lost, or with grain stacks of being put through the threshing machine.—*American Cultivator.*

BRINE SALTING OF BUTTER.

The demand for less salt in butter has called attention anew to brine salting, and I think, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, that whenever the maker has mastered the method, this brine-salted butter has given best satisfaction to consumers. It has been wrongly supposed that salt used for salting butter, strikes into the fats themselves and pickles them, as we assume it does in the case of meat. But all that is accomplished is to substitute for the water left in the butter, usually from ten to fifteen per cent. a saturated brine or water containing all the salt it can hold at ordinary temperatures. At the Minnesota Experiment Station it was found that butter fats cannot be made to absorb salt or brine; the particles of fat are only surrounded by this solution. All the salt that will be discovered in a pound of butter by its own moisture amounts to little, if any, over half an ounce; hence of an ounce of salt in a pound of butter, a large part is simply undissolved salt. It was shown, further, that the finer the granulation of the butter, and the longer the butter stands in the brine, the more of the solution it will take up; the more brine the butter contains the more of the caseous or cheesy matter is removed, or in some other way rendered harmless, and the longer the butter will keep.

But if the grain is made too fine an undue amount of water is left in the butter, which washing will not remove. On the other hand, if the grains are left too large, they inclose more of the caseous matter that will not be taken out, since the brine cannot penetrate into these larger masses of fat. Gathering the butter into granules the size of small bird shot is about the best one can do to avoid the undesirable extremes above mentioned. Brine salting can be most perfectly done by draining the butter as close as possible after the last washing, then adding a strong brine, enough to cover the butter —not to float it. Such granulated butter will contain thirty-five per cent. of its weight of wash water, which, of course, weakens the added brine by that much. If, after standing in this solution for a few moments, this brine is mostly removed and salt added to reinforce its strength, and it is then poured back and the churn slowly revolved, the butter will be salted as much as is possible by any process of salting if all the salt is to be dissolved; and this is all the salt that can answer to preserve the caseous matter and keep the sugar from fermenting. Possibly, beyond this more salt may act for a few days as an antiseptic, but not long, unless the butter is placed in cold storage. Make and care for butter as we may, it is best, like buckwheat cakes, when eaten as soon after manufacture as possible.

PROFITS FROM THE ORCHARD.

It is quite certain that much is yet to be learned in orchard management to make it uniformly profitable. If there were any doubt on this subject an observation of the manner in which its products are often gathered and marketed would be sufficient to dispel it. Many defective apples, as well as better windfalls, that would make excellent vinegar if put to that use are allowed to waste and rot. When cider is made too little care is exercised in excluding decayed fruit and also as to the time and manner in which it is made, so that the article produced is not of the best and will not command a remunerative price.

Again, in picking the fruit from the trees, ladders are handled so roughly, or limbs shaken by clumsy or careless climbers, that many of the best of the apples are knocked off and bruised by the fall. None but the most careful hands should be allowed to gather the fruit from the trees. It ought to be remembered that an apple bruised in the basket at the picking means a rotten apple in the barrel, causing not only its own loss, but an additional one, by inducing rot in others with which it comes in contact.

A careful man ought also to do all the barreling. When a full basket is received an empty one should be handed to the picker, and the apples be lifted by the hands out of the basket and carefully laid, not dropped, into their places in the barrel. Face two rows stem down against the head that is to be taken out when the barrel is opened for sale or use. The others may be laid in indiscriminately but carefully until the barrel is full.

A gentle shaking is allowable, just enough to better settle the fruit in place, then the head should be pressed in by the use of an apple press. Just how much pressure may be applied must be left to the judgment of the operator, but it is quite as likely to be too little as too much. At this stage a bruise from a pressure of the head will not cause rot as it would were the pressure not still continued upon it, by which the germs of decay seem to be prevented from entering the bruised spot, as they would if it were more freely exposed to the atmosphere. Whatever may be the reason, it is quite well established that a pressure that prevents any movement of the apples when the package is handled, even if it occasions bruises to a few, is necessary to good keeping when barrelled.

While a selection of fair and sightly apples is allowable and expected for the head, to be shown to the buyer, these should not be so much better than the average as to be disappointing when examined lower down, but all should be merchantable and up to the standard that is claimed for them. In packing apples for sale it is advised to make first and second qualities, and where there is a portion of unusually large fruit even a third may be made to advantage, for uniformity in size adds much to the appearance. More money will be obtained for a crop properly graded and each sold on its merits than if all were packed indiscriminately without regard to size. In general, packing in the orchard at the time of the picking will be found the best; but circumstances alter cases so much that no fixed rule will apply alike to all.—*New York World.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Wood ashes makes a good fertilizer.

It is difficult to give cabbage too much cultivation.

When the crop is marketed is the time to count the profits.

Better and sweeter pork may be obtained by feeding plenty of sweet apples than by any other process.

Scalded sweet milk and cooked rice will stop diarrhœa in chickens. Avoid giving sloppy food when in this condition.

A common mistake in applying insecticides is often made in not repeating in a week or ten days to destroy the young that may have hatched out after the first application.

The best specimens of tomatoes and other vegetables should be saved for seed. Improvement goes forward by selection, natural or otherwise, and the rule is that like produces like.

If the choice can be made, always select a light sandy soil for the location of the poultry house. A clayey soil is nearly always damp, and for this reason should be avoided when possible.

A farmer is said to have cleared his stable of fleas by the use of sticky fly paper. He puts a piece on the floor and it gets black with the insects. It is then removed and another laid down.